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A SCENE FROM "THE LOVE CURE," AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE,

SHOWING ELGIE BOWEN, THE PRIMA DONNA, AND CHARLES J. ROSS, THE LEADING MAN, WHO PLAY THE PARTS OF *NELLY VAUGHN*, "PRIMA DONNA OF THE NOVELTY THEATRE," AND *TORELLI*, "LEADING MAN OF THE NOVELTY THEATRE," FINISHING THEIR DANCE IN THE SECOND ACT. *NELLY* IS TRYING TO KILL THE INFATUATION OF HER YOUNG ADMIRER, *ALFRED BLAKE*, BY HER PRETENDED AFFECTION FOR *TORELLI*. THAT IS SUPPOSED TO BE "THE LOVE CURE," BUT IT FAILS TO CURE *ALFRED*.

FRANCES ROSS

Is one of the beauties helping Raymond Hitchcock to prove at the New York Theatre that he is "The Man who Owns Broadway."

"THE LOVE CURE"

At the New Amsterdam Theatre is the musical play which is at present availing itself of the services of (from left to right) Grace Waldo, Cecilia Renard, Elizabeth Bell, Eleanor St. Clair and Alice Rogers.

THE SECOND SCENE IN THE "TRIP TO JAPAN," THE OPENING SPECTACLE AT THE HIPPODROME.

This scene, which shows the ferry-house and the horse-car, is only possible on the enormous stage of the Hippodrome. Car tracks are laid across the stage and a regular "Belt Line" car rolls on with the passengers who represent the principal characters in the plot of the melodrama upon which the numerous scenes are hung. The players, from right to left, are Clyde Powers, James R. Adams, Geo. H. Adams, Frank Hanson, Otto Feuer, Chas, Ravel, W. H. Clark, Nanette Flack, Edwin A. Clark, Mildred Flora, Harry Griffith, Mabel Dwight, J. Parker Coombs, J. H. Taylor, Harry Dale, Harry Wardell, Herbert Mansfield, Maud Kimball, Harry Shaw and Stanley Ferguson.

GEORGE TALLMAN, IDA BROOKS HUNT, FLAVIA ARCARO, EDITH BRADFORD AND WILLIAM PRUETTE IN A SCENE FROM THE SECOND ACT OF "THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER,"

At the Lyric Theatre. The characters represented, from left to right, are Major Alexius Spiridoff, *betrothed to* Nadina Popoff: Nadina Popoff, Aurelia Popoff, *her mother;* Mascha, Aurelia's *cousin;* Col. Popoff, *the father. The* Colonel *and the* Major *have been enjoying their own recital of the adventures, with three Bulgarian ladies, of a Swiss soldier whom they had met on the road. The two soldiers had been greatly amused when hearing of the Swiss soldier's flirtations and never for an instant suspected that their feminine auditors were the heroines of the story. On the other hand the ladies are naturally incensed at the Swiss for boasting of his conquests and they are also afraid that they may be identified. The Swiss soldier returning at this time leads to the discovery of their guilt.*

CECILIA LOFTUS

Stands at the head of her class as a mimic. Carrie DeMar, Clarice Vance and other headliners ordinarily object to being mimicked by most of the so-called mimics as they claim—and justly in many instances—that the "mimics" simply pose as such to steal their best material. To show what they think of Miss Loftus it is only necessary to mention that Carrie DeMar threw a bouquet of flowers to her when she mimicked Carrie at the American Music Hall a couple of weeks ago. Cecilia is playing the William Morris (Inc.) Independent Vaudeville Circuit.

ETHEL GREEN

Is the soubrette of "The Rose of Algeria" at the Herald Square Theatre. Of course that means she has the part of Millicent Madison, M.D., *which insures applause every night when she sings that beautiful "Ask Her While the Band is Playing" and waltzing to the melody.*

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TEN OF THE WESTERN SHOW GIRLS NOW IN "THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY" AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE IN CHICAGO.

These are some of the beauties of Chicago who correspond to Edna Chase, Vonnie Hoyt, May Hopkins, Arline LaCrosse, Bertha Blake and other well-known show girls in New York. You will never find either crowd very far away from their home centre, or at any rate not for a very long period. They appear regularly in the new musical comedies of those cities. When the shows have played out their popularity in New York or Chicago and the show is being prepared for the road, new recruits—sometimes prettier, too, and more clever—are substituted, and the "never-go-on-the-road-girls" are rehearsed for a new show.

NO NEED OF KINDLING.

During the absence of his wife from home a Philadelphia man engaged a new cook, a country girl not long in the city. Although a good servant, the newcomer evinced a distressing unfamiliarity with the gas range. It became necessary for her new employer to go to the kitchen and explain the modus operandi of the range. He gave her quite a demonstration, and lit every one of the many burners. While thus busily occupied, he was interrupted by the call of a friend.

"I think you understand the range now," said he, as he went upstairs. He soon forgot the matter, and did not see the girl for several days. When he did it was again in the kitchen, for it occurred to him to go thither to see how the range was working.

"Everything is going on nicely, sir," said the cook. "That's the nicest stove I've ever seen. You kindled it for me four days ago, and would you believe, sir, it's still burning and hasn't lowered even once!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

GET MARRIED—Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed Free. C. O. GUNNELS, Toledo, O.

HATTIE WILLIAMS,

Kenneth Hill and F. Own Baxter in a scene from the third act of "Detective Sparkes" at the Garrick Theatre. Athole Forbes, *posing as "Detective Sparkes," is listening to the two newspaper men,* Mr. Eales *and* Gordon Westwood, *on "To-Morrow's News," describing their progress in the "Woman in the Balloon Sensation."* Athole *learns that her sister,* THE WOMAN, *is in the room at her left and* Mr. Fales *(a ringer for Jack Barrymore, in looks, eh?) has been watching the door ever since she entered, bound that he will see who she is when she emerges.* Athole *foils them by pretending to work with them and when the newspaper men are out of the way she extinguishes the lights in the hotel so that her sister can make a hurried escape without being recognized. This is the last week of "Detective Sparkes" at the Garrick Theatre.*

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK AND FLORA ZABELLE

In a scene from "The Man Who Owns Broadway," the new George M. Cohan musical comedy which came to the New York Theatre this week.

MARGARET SHEA

Travels the William Morris (Inc.) Independent Vaudeville Circuit in the support of Grace Walters. Margaret is one of the "20"—artist's models.

"LITTLE NEMO"

Is conducting this sextet on a tour throughout the country and, as if though Vida Perrin (the girl sitting at the right end) and her five pretty sisters were not enough, he has a few more scores of 'em in his company.

FRANCES CAMERON

Sings and dances the part of Sonia *in Henry W. Savage's Eastern "Merry Widow" company, which is playing on the road. Frances was one of the latest of the prima donnas to get a try at the title part in this most successful of Viennese operettas but the prospects are that she will play it longer than any of her predecessors or rivals. Those who have seen her in the part on the road will bet she is the best—even though they have not seen any of the others.*

MISS KITTY GORDON AND SOME OF THE CHORUS GIRLS IN "THE GIRL AND THE WIZARD" AT THE CASINO THEATRE.

The English prima donna has caught the town and the crowds which are jamming the Casino Theatre are loud in their praise of her talents and beauty. She plays the part of Murietta, *"prima donna of the Meiningen Opera Company." Miss Gordon is flanked and backed in this scene by (from left to right) Gracie McMeen, Francis Alaire, Anna Stone, Sallie Webb, Violet Marsden, Blanche Brayton, Marguerite Faulkner and Ethel Kelly, who compose the back row; the four dancers in that restful pose, from left to right, are Dora West, Ray Mordecai, Rita Mason and Cissie Shotten, while the "English Primroses," sitting in front, are Vinnie Danvers, Blixie Murrie, Aime Dalmores, Estelle Francesca, Daisy Anderson and Anita Francesca.*

THE SHAW TWINS, IDA LEE CASTON, BENN LINN, JOHN MURRAY AND DEHAVEN AND SIDNEY

Are appearing in vaudeville in a Jesse L. Lasky musical act entitled "The Song Shop." This is one of the big new vaudeville productions by the man who has introduced "At the Country Club," "At The Waldorf," and other pretentious acts to vaudevillegoers.

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By JAMES YOUNG.

The most complete book published on the art of making up.

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This book contains expert information and advice on this fascinating subject, much of which has been contributed by some of the leading lights of the dramatic profession. It is profusely illustrated with carefully prepared and executed diagrams drawn from the author's designs, and with superb half-tone reproductions of photographs of Prominent Actors and Actresses in "make up."

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MARY BOLAND AND JOHN DREW

In a scene from Mr. Drew's new comedy, "Inconstant George," produced a couple of weeks ago at the Empire Theatre. Mary Boland is the beautiful actress who succeeded Billie Burke as Mr. Drew's leading woman. She also appeared with him in "Jack Straw."

YVETTE GUILBERT,

The celebrated Parisian chanteuse, has returned to play a tour of the American vaudeville houses. She opened her American season this week at the Colonial Theatre and after she has played at the other Percy G. Williams' houses the French star will begin an engagement on the Keith & Proctor Circuit.

BLANCHE RING

As she appears in her new musical comedy, "The Yankee Girl," in which she is starring under the direction of Lew Fields. It is while wearing this costume that Blanche sings John Philip Sousa's new march, especially written for her for this production, called "The Glory of the Yankee Navy." Some of the prettiest show girls parade, dressed as "middies," while Miss Ring is singing this number.

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THE LITTLE STREET IN HEAVEN THAT THEY CALL BROADWAY

DID YOU HEAR all that horrible cackle in the grill room Wednesday afternoon? It was right after MY MESSAGE was received, and the part where I said I had just met Franklin P. Adams at "school" was the part that hurt. Julius Kaufman got me on one side, and Old Man Looey Morganstern on the other, and crowded all around were Jack Norworth and Si Goodfriend and Eddie Rosenbaum, the card-player, and Johnny Slavin and Sol Manheimer and Eugene Kelcey Allen and Al Hunt and—well, say, I give you my word I thought it was Shabus and I was up at old Doc Stevie Wise's free church in Eighty-first street. And they were all there with the bang, all accusing me of not knowing anything about what I was trying to tell about. They said I spoke of the thing as "school." I didn't do any such blank-dashed, umptee-eyediddy thing. I wrote it "shool" as plain as a Remington can mark it down, and if I get hold of the comp that set it up "school," I'm going to tear his map off and then take his union card away from him. Can't any of this organized help try to hang one on the Old King and get away with it. Verbum sap. And you know what THAT means!

Speaking of ME, Charley Frohman got me on the wire a few days ago and asked if I was on the level when I said I had a picture of him. I told C. F. that if anybody else had asked me a question like that, I'd have croaked him on the spot. "Just to show you how on the level I am about it, Charley," I said, "I'm going to print that picture in next Sunday's Herald. Now, it's no use your begging me to suppress it. I'm firm. Get off the wire, anyway, I want to get Charley Gates and tell him something I know about steel." I guess you saw I made good, didn't you, in last Sunday's Herald? You boys that have skeletons better pay a whole lot of polite attention to me, or—

I just left Arnold Daly, and told him he had to go on back to work. Take it from me, he cried like a child, but he couldn't move me. My mind was made up, and I said it had to be done. Besides, this boy's real name is Peter, and not Arnold any more than yours is, and if he tries to act up with me, I'll tell a few things. I explained this situation to him, and Arnold finally said he would work. So I cabled Paul Hervieu and I got George Tyler on the wire, and I told Paul to send me the manuscript of his best new play, and Paul is going to send "Know Thyself," and George is going to star Arnold in it, and I've told this Daly that he's got to behave and quit doing the pose, or he knows what'll happen.

"Mayn't I talk just a little," asks the young man. So I tell him just a little, and what does he want to talk about?

"The drahmah," says Arnold. "I have went through the purlieus of the lower East Side and I have saw the young men and maidens, the child in arms as you might say, being raised on the best fruits of the drahmah; the works of Maeterlinck, of Ibsen, of Strindborg and of Gorky. And the plays are ACTED, too. This is the young Jewish-American boy. And while this is so, and while this boy is being raised on THOUGHT and substance, and high ideals, what is the dramatic pabalum of the young Irish-American? Answer: the Rose Hill Folly Company!"

Weeping bitterly, Mr. Daly resumed his parade of the principal streets. Just between you and me, I make book like this:

80—1 IBSEN.

1—80 ROSE HILL.

Come on, boys, they'll be off in a minute.

Have you caught Pauline Frederick in "The Fourth Estate," down at Wallack's? Gentlemen, you can talk about the withstanding power of old St. Anthony, when he was handed the big Temptation, but I want to tell you that if Tony had had to go against Frederick blandishments, he'd never classed with the stoics as he classes today. In this play, young Wheeler Brand, who is Charley Waldron in real life—and I'm going to make a star of Charley some of these days, see if I don't—anyway, Wheeler Brand loves a girl named Judith Bartelmy, and Judy's dad has been marking the cards, and Wheeler gets it on him, and there's going to be a front page sensation in the morning. Judy appears at the print shop and begs Wheeler to desist, Wheeler being the managing editor. Wheeler doesn't desist. The best line on Wheeler's conduct I can quote you off-hand is furnished in a letter I just got from Fred Schrader, who's running the Electrical Show and all the dramatic columns outside Big City—"A man that won't perjure himself for the luscious Polly Frederick when she throws her arms around his neck is no gentleman, and you can tell Miss Frederick that I said so."

I told her.

While on the subject of fascinating femininity, who should poke her head out of an open-faced cab not five minutes ago, and give me the joy greet, but Maudie Knowlton? You all remember how I sent this girl over to London some time ago, with the "Chorus Lady" company? Well, Maudie remembers, anyway. I gave her letters to Sir George Newnes and Sir Herbert Tree and Cyril Maudie, and wrote an entirely autograph letter to my fellow King, and told him I'd appreciate PERSONALLY anything he could do to get Maudie in right with the best people. And it seems Ed did.

Maudie tells me she was one of a party that went to Sandringham, which is the King's delightfully informal country place, and the King had her in the same row with him at the private theatricals, and the King of Greece was on Maudie's right, and the King of Spain on Maudie's left, and there was more royalty in a minute than Tarkington and Wilson get in a year. So Maudie said she was glad she had taken my advice about mixing in with that set, for they were certainly perfect gents, all of them. Last time I gave Maudie advice she didn't take it. That was when she came to me and said she had a chance to go out with a "Brown's in Town" company. I told her not to go, for the thing had been a flivver at the Bijou, and it looked bad all the way through. But Maudie went and made a lot of pennie for herself, and Frank Hennessy and Delcher, who managed the troupe, got enough coin out of it for Frank to become one of the plungiest plungers in Wall Street. That's the only time I was wrong in my whole, whole life.

Funny how these things go. I had no sooner left Maudie Knowlton than I ran into Jake Rosenthal. Jake was the original manager of "Brown in Town." He got the thing framed up with a set of shears and a paste brush, and he brought it into New York and plastered the whole front of the Bijou Theatre with a sign on which were printed the names and papers of the critics, with space left at the right hand side for the praises they should sing after "Brown's in Town" had opened. Jake never filled in the space.

I felt in a particularly givy mood the other night after I had strolled into Daly's and watched a performance of "The White Sister." Gentlemen, that Viola Allen can ACT. She ought to be able to, as I spent a lot of time and pains teaching her elocution and how to handle herself. She'll tell you herself that anything she is in the way of an artiste she owes to me. And I don't like to talk about myself, as everybody knows, but what do you think of the way I've trained James O'Neill? Oh, of course, he's been an apt pupil, but where would he be today if it hadn't been for ME? Answer: Nowhere.

Anyway, I watched him as Monsignore Saracinesca, and when it was all over, and he and Bill Farnum and Walter Hackett and I were moving towards the New Grand for a cup of cold beef tea, I told Jimmy I was not displeased with him. "And just to show you I can reward as well as direct," I said, "I am going to confer on you the mantle of Booth. You are the greatest since I put that great man over." So Jimmy, he grips my hand and thanks me, with a bit of moisture in his fine eyes, and then, noble-hearted fellow that he is, he turns to Bill Farnum and says that when he gets through acting, he, Jimmy, is going to drape the mantle of Booth over Bill's broad shoulders. The sentiment was grand, but I made an excuse to get away. I couldn't have stood for Bill Farnum passing the mantle on to Walter Hackett.

Once for all, I want it understood that "These Are My People" is not a play about our co-religionists. I wrote it as a sequel to "The Squaw Man," and if it isn't plain to you yet what the character of this play is, let me add that it will be more readily grasped by Big Chief Meyers, the eminent catcher, than by Charley Herzog, the occasional fielder. Get me now.

OLD KING COLE.

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ELEANOR ROBSON
In "The Dawn of a To-morrow."
Next week—THE RINGMASTER.

HAVE YOU seen Wilbur Melville Bates since he has turned from press agentry to bugs? Not common or garden bugs by any means, oh, mercy, no! but specially imported Mechnikoff sour milk affairs, guaranteed to cure everything from a hang nail to a hang over. The name of the marvelous decoction evolved from sour milk with the help of the essential and kindly little bug is Lactobacaline, and Mr. Bates is one of the principal stockholders and active manager of the company concerned with its American manufacture. Incidental with daily waxing more enthusiastic over his "bug juice" Wilbur is also waxing sumptuously generous as to waist line. In fact, his once svelte figure is rapidly reaching the fatal point where waist becomes non est and girth all at the same time. I must confess I do not believe this increasing portliness of person and generally contented air is as much due to the partaking of his own medicine as to the benign domestic influence of his happy little home up on Riverside Drive, where the second Mrs. Bates, she that was Betty Dodesworth, lights up the family hearth with her presence and glowing Henner (I distinctly did not say henna) hair. An atmosphere much more conductive to plump content I should imagine than was the menage of the first Mrs. Jaguerina—the strong-lady Bates.

I saw Mrs. Lockwood yesterday afternoon. Who's she? Why, Madlyn Jane Summers, of course, who used to uplift the drama and her toes with Anna Held last season. She was in one of her new husband's motor cars. He's in the business, you know (Oh! yes, it's always a safe bet if it isn't a Wall Street broker it's a human garage). The car was all fittingly upholstered in plum color since her obvious happiness indicated that she had picked the same kind of a fruit from the Lockwood family tree as her matrimonial chauffeur through life.

There's one serious drawback about the scheme of taking your husband to see "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" if you want to work him for that Paris hat. It's perfectly true that the influence of this wonderful play will have such a softening effect on his heart that you can have any or many hats for the asking, but this is where the trouble comes in—it also softens you at the same time, till you are ashamed to take the money, and there you are. Really this impressive lesson play sincerely and perfectly taught by Forbes Robertson and his efficient cast fills every one who sees it with a desire to be better. At least it did the opening night—every one but the dramatic critic.

By the way, I never saw anyone look so radiantly lovely as did Maxine Elliott when her brother-in-law made his first all-in-the-family appearance at her play house. She was in the right hand stage box, and a dazzling flame colored gown, which set off her glorious midnight eyes and diamond filleted hair and—oh, well, words fail me.

What do you think? Irving J. Lewis is going away from here way out to California to lead the bungalow life. Heavings, what's to become of "The Morning Telegraph," but there, don't worry, it may pull along, he's going away for good, you know.

Constance Collier must be seeing all the New York shows on a bet for every opening night, no matter what the play or the weather, Constance is there with her hair in a swirl. Such constancy!!

Well, of all the funny mix-ups, engendered by promiscuous marrying and divorce, one of the most interesting little family tangles is found right in the midst of "The Chorus Lady" company. You see, it's this way—Wilfred Lucas, Rose Stahl's leading man, is married to the divorced wife of William Bonelli, Miss Stahl's second divorced husband. Can you beat that for a nice little family party?

If you want a genuine thrill or two go see "The Fourth Estate." It's a corking play all right, and so true to Park Row that you almost expect the ushers to turn newsboys and sell the latest editions between acts. Of course, there are few faux pas, for instance, where the noble managing editor sits down at the linotype machine and sets up a line or two. Can you see the Union standing for this a minute in a regular honest to goodness composing room? But then, of course, newspapers have to be run a little differently in stage-land. Pauline Frederick certainly wears some gowns as emotional as her acting, and Alice Fischer is as usual such a clever actress that you can hardly make yourself believe in her Elocutionist past. On the opening night of this remarkable play last Wednesday Henry B. Warner and his charming wife, in a black gown and a whopping black velvet hat, held a sort of reception between acts in their right-hand stage box. Holbrook Blinn was among those who paid his respects, looking just a wee bit gross, the result, I fear, of his last two years of life in the Bowery saloons of "Salvation Nell."

Do you remember dainty little Lula Peck, who originated the part of "Nibs" with Maude Adams in "Peter Pan" and did the pillow dance and the airy entre act rose dance. Well, she married William Kirby, the son of the man who invented the machines which enabled Peter and all the good lost children to fly, and now she lives over in England with her young husband and is busy these days teaching a year-old son and heir to enunciate his lines distinctly.

And speaking of "Peter Pan," what ever do you think of our little Polly Chase marrying J. M. Barrie when he gets all comfortably divorced. It seems the inevitable combination that the cleverer and brainy the man the quicker he falls for a pale little bit of fluff with a mind as light and airy as her topknot of cornsilk. I saw her in London this summer at the theatre one evening with Edna May and her husband, Oscar Lewisohn, both looking lovely, but Pauline just a trifle fagged and worn. It was just before her Paris season in "Peter" reopened, where she rescored so wonderful a hit. Really the astonishing success attendant upon so many of our American actresses who have gone to Merry England, perhaps we should say "marry England," suggests a revising of the masculine advice "Young man, go West" into the feminine admonition "Young girl, go abroad." But to get back to our Barries, I do hope, don't you, that he will be terribly happy in his second marriage, for a man who has made so many humans happy with his delightful books certainly deserves happiness unalloyed himself. Incidentally, this little bit of divorce spice is sure to boom the sales of his books up into the endless editions. What?

Oh, raspberry rapture and peaches and cream, how I wish I had Melville Elis's complexion!!!

It does seem as if "The Paradise of Mohamet" or "The Paradise of Widows," whichever it is, has turned out to be more like H— well the antithesis thing.

Do, somebody please tell me has Elfie Fay married the American navy yet or not.

I notice in a recent magazine article that Lotta Faust confesses not only to yearnings to appear in the legitimate, but to actual prospects. Fine. She certainly has the backing to make good in something like "There and Back," "Called Back," "Back Again," or "The Bareback Queen."

My, my, but poor George Bolles' is a hard working life; why he actually gets into his office from his Port Washington home as early some mornings as eleven o'clock. He knocks off work to dash out at Twelve and snatch a bite and swallow, but is right back again on the job by Three, and slaves feverishly till Four, when he homeward plods his weary way. Talk about union hours!

You ought to see Dorothy Richardson's press sanctum up in the Stuyvesant Theatre. It's just full of atmosphere and bric-a-brac.

I saw stunning Suzanne Halpen dining with her husband and another man at the Cafe Lafayette last Sunday night. She still has the voluptuous figure and those langourous eyes, even if she hasn't shown them on the stage for several moons. Suzanne looks quite the picture of matronly content, and had on one of those big Russian turbans and an appetite to match.

In the "Springtime" flatdwellers change their abodes; snakes their skins, the hoi poi loi their winter flannels, and some actresses their names: Ah, there, Nell; What Ho?

FIDDLERONE.

"DID you ever notice," asked "Bubbles," My Spear Lady Friend, "that every musical comedy from an aeroplane Broadway production to a Miner's burlesque show, always claims to have either the handsomest, most beautiful, prettiest, or greatest chorus in the world? It is perfectly true, too, from the viewpoint of an occulist's hopeless patient. New York is just overrun with 'peaches,' 'pippins,' 'glories,' 'daisies,' 'birds,' and 'cuckoos' of the chorus kingdom. If ever the beauty crop falls off in Asia Minor, we could easily ship them a dozen steamer loads. Can you imagine the duty the A. M. importers would have to plank down into that foreign custom house on such little accessories as paints, powders, washes, dyes, and puffs? To see a real stage beauty, nowadays, on the Street of the Great I Am, who isnt an 'artiste' with the trowel, gives one a pleasant shock. 'Dollying' has become so popular that a new vogue will soon be staring us in the face: —Using cold cream instead of H^2O."

James Thornton, the popular monologist, has been suffering from such a severe attack of laryngitis, caused by playing prohibition time, that several weeks ago at New Orleans he was obliged to offer his monologue in pantomime. Last week he played Louisville, Kentucky, and his legion of admirers—fellow sympathizers, will be pleased to learn that he has entirely recovered from his ailment. On his return to the Tall Town, he brought back with him a fine throat gargle, which he guarantees as a "sure cure," if taken regularly—and without stint. It is labeled:—"Bourbon."

Brother John is sticking around, hoping that Jim's throat affection may prove contagious.

I may no longer be able to make beautiful actresses forget their troubles via the "joy water" route, but I am treating them to a liquid, sometimes more exhilarating—ink. Knowing Marie Dressler to be a crack shot, I selected her to fire the pistol in the great International Marathon Race that I pressagented this summer at Atlantic City. She acquitted herself so well, having rehearsed the act during the Fourth of July, that I conferred upon her the title of "The Buana Tumbaienne of the Stage." ("Please in the future," know her by that title.) For Miss Dressler bears the distinction of being the first woman who has ever started a Marathon race, an honor which during the running of the ancient world-famous Olympic and Athens races, was denied even to the reigning queens of Greece.

If Marie could be prevailed upon to start a Marathon runner with a little playful impetus, I'd be willing to bet my little stipened (Gov. Hughes not being present) that his competitors in the race would never catch up with him.

"Bob" Taft, a Yale senior, and son of the President, was last week defeated for a college elective office by Fred Murphy, nephew of Mike Murphy, an athletic trainer. Young Murphy is a poor student, working his way through Yale. Democracy of this sort, injected into the oily veins of our present day politicians, would cause every nation on the globe to adopt our style of government. It proves the calibre of men they develop at Yale.

Yet, near-iconoclast Harvey, an occasional red ink slinger of Current Jelly Literature, calls President Hadley of Yale, a sissy and a mollicoddle, as well as most of the men who make up the faculties of our colleges, and 60 per cent. of the students they graduate, as vegetables.

There seems to be a habit, prevalent among men who are in the almost-prominent class, to butt into print by attacking men, colleges, and societies, in order to boost their own, water-brained stock. Mr. Harvey is no doubt suffering from an attack of mental embonopoint, superinduced by hysteria literabilliousness. The associate editor of Current Jelly Literature is an adept at—ladling up the lemon juice and gall extract. His remarks are flavored with brain bitters. He plainly shows that his milk of human kindness must have soured around the region of his heart, causing fatty degeneration of the generosity valve. Let me try to do him justice as a writer and a speaker. He is a man of great strength; a veritable Triton with the oratorical harpoon, a Ketchell, with the literary wallop, a Flannigan, with the sarcastic hammer, and wields his mighty, vitriol-dipped pen, with the flourish of a sophomore—of a business college. Nature always makes a great mistake, when in endowing a man with the courage of a jack rabbit, it attempts to supplement matters by giving him the tongue of a bull dog. As a sharp-shooting mud slinger, Mr. Harvey, is a Robin Hood-William-Tell-Johnny Baker combination of accuracy, but when he aims his shafts at the collegian, he will find him no easy mark. I doubt very much if Mr. Harvey would last six rounds with the average 60 per cent. graduate.

He might get a horror of something virile.

I note on the Great Pink Way, several familiar faces again, that I missed during the Hudson-Fulton celebration. Their sudden departure was no doubt due to being sensitive about having total strangers crowding and jostling them around their familiar haunts and corners of vantage.

These gentlemen, during the international festivities, were royally entertained by the city—elsewhere.

Have you noticed while in the subway, large placards announcing that William Travers Jerome is again a candidate for renomination for the office of district attorney? As you ride by in an express, the Hearstlike arrangement of the lettering of the sign, strikes your eye in this manner:

WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME.
EFFICIENCY.
ECONOMY.
WHY CHANGE?

FIDDLERTWO.

FACTS AND FOIBLES OF THE STAGE.

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK returned to Broadway, at the New York Theatre Monday night as the star of Geo. M. Cohan's newest musical play, "The Man Who Owns Broadway," in three acts and four scenes.

Cast of Characters—Sydney Lyons, a Broadway star, Mr. Raymond Hitchcock; Anthony Bridwell, a multimillionaire, Mr. Stanley Forde; Tom Bridwell, his son, Mr. Scott Welsh; Sylvia Bridwell, his daughter, Miss Flora Zabelle; George Burnham, a villain, Mr. George Lydecker; Caroline Curtis, a villainess, Miss Lora Lieb; Edith Wilson, Tom's sweetheart, Miss Frances Gordon; Bill Robinson, Lyon's manager, Andrews, a butler, Mr. Mark Sullivan; Anna, a maid, Miss Maude Morris; Butler, Harry Hathaway, a young sport, Mr. W. J. Ford; Starter, Mr. Armand King; Detective, Mr. Ralph Harlow; Captain at Martin's Mr. Curt Karpe; Special Officer, Mr. Thomas Shields.

Scenes—Act. I: Reception Hall in Anthony Bridwell's New York Home. Time—Last October.

Act II: Martin's Restaurant, 26th Street and Broadway.

Act. III: Scene 1—Corridor in The Waldorf-Astoria.

Scene 2—Interior of the National Theatre Same Night (a performance of "King Hobo" is going on).

The late Dion Boucicault in giving advice to the then embryo playwright, Geo. M. Cohan, said to him:

"Take the audience into your confidence. Tell them what you are going to do. Do it and then tell them that you have done it." And thus and so has Mr. Cohan endeavored to do in his "The Man Who Owns Broadway," which was revealed at the New York Theatre Monday night. The programme describes "The Man Who Owns Broadway" as a musical version of the author's former unsuccessful serious drama "Popularity." This time the playwright has refused absolutely to be serious himself or to have his audience take him seriously. He has burlesqued his original play in ruthless fashion, has twisted and turned the story most ingeniously, and has proceeded to have fun with his auditors, his players and his puppets.

For the pivotal character he has taken Sydney Lyons, a popular Broadway musical comedy star, a comedian who, according to his own admission, can neither sing a note nor dance a step, hence his elevation to starhood. Sylvia Bridwell, a matinee maid, becomes enamored of this idol of the hour, buys his photo, attends six consecutive performances and then confides the secret of her fascination to her maid, who promptly informs the butler, who in turn passes the word to the housekeeper, and, as she has been told in confidence, she tells the housemaid, and later, the coachman and the chef are taken into the secret.

Meantime Papa Bridwell, who is a stage multimillionaire, arranges a a marriage between his daughter and George Bornham described on the program as a "villian." Burnham, has an accomplice, none other than Caroline Curtis, a beguilding blonde, and the scheme concocted by this designing pair is that Georgie shall marry Sylvia and Carrie shall become Mrs. Bridwell, Sr.

All is preceding smoothly and, at an evening party, papa announces Sylvia's engagement, meantime wisely keeping back the word of his own approaching marriage. However, Tom Bridwell, a sturdy young chap, mistrusts the Burnham-Curtis combination. He tells papa so and makes quite a scene, but all to no effect. Then the hero enters, in the person of Sydney Lyons, the man who owns Broadway.

He happens to be a fellow club member of Tom's, invited to the party quite informally at the eleventh hour. The moment he claps eyes on Georgie and Carrie he knows that he has seen them before, but he is too much of a gentleman to speak out in meeting and tell just who they are.

Georgie and Carrie are not so particular, however, and they proceed to poison the mind of the elder Bridwell, and he, the master of millions is so gullible that he turns the poor actor from his door in ignominious fashion. Even poor Sylvia is made to believe that Lyons has been correspondent in a score of divorces and that he is a widower with four children living in Denver. She might stand for the divorce connection, but the motherless children are too many —four too many— and before he says any word of love she gives him to understand she never can be more than a sister to him.

Having learned of the base tactics of Georgie and Carrie, Sydney makes up his mind to retaliate by telling some tales out of school, and he denounces the villian and villianess as a swindling duo known to all transatlantic travelers as card sharps of the first order. Papa Bridwell refuses to believe his informant, but Georgie and Carrie have become alarmed and Carrie proceeds to buy Sydney over by presenting him with a check for $100,000 which Papa Bridwell had carlessly drawn to the order of the bearer, but which thrifty Carrie has had the foresight to have certified. Of course Sydney would not think of entering into such a vile conspiracy, and he takes the check only to hand it over to the drawer at the opportune moment.

That is in the first scene of the third act, when everyone happened to be strolling through the Waldorf-Astoria for an afternoon diversion. It does not take Papa Bridwell long to bring the arch conspirators to the scratch. Meantime there is Sylvia's future to be considered, and as Papa has taken a great fancy to Sydney, but has never seen him on the stage, there must be another scene, and so the final picture is the stage of the National Theatre, where a performance of "King Hobo" is in progress. There Sylvia sings to her lover from a stage box, and throwing a sheaf of red roses at his feet announces that she is in love with a Broadway star and the happy ending promised in the second act for 11 o'clock comes to pass.

Forbes-Robertson is now in the second week of his engagement in Jerome K. Jerome's notable symbolic drama, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," at Maxine Elliott's Theatre. Mr. Forbes-Robertson has created such widespread enthusiasm by his interpretation of the role of the "Passer-By," and the play itself has given rise to so much discussion that the engagement will doubtless have to be continued long beyond the limits originally intended. Never has the celebrated Englishman appeared to better and more impressive advantage than as the Christ-like "Stranger" who reawakens moral and spiritual aspirations in the hearts of misguided human beings and, incidentally, he has never before in this country played to such large audiences. "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" is a novelty for regular theatregoers; a revelation of what the theatre can be at its best to the people who do not frequently attend playhouses; and a lesson to all.

Sam Bernard, appearing in "The Girl and the Wizard" at the Casino, is "standing them up" at every performance. All hands agree that he is really a wizard, not only in the character of the old Tyrolean lapidary, but as an artist who never fails to delight his audiences. Playgoers willingly submit to the hypnotism of his art and his personality, coming to see him not only once, but many times. Although, in this piece, with its genuine plot by J. Hartley Manners, Mr. Bernard has made the departure of assuming a role with many serious and dramatic moments, he has not sacrificed a jot of his funmaking but only enhanced it by contrast. Miss Kitty Gordon, Miss Flora Parker, Miss Harriet Standon, Harry Corson Clark, William Roselle and the other members of the company render invaluable assistance in the presentation of this play with music.

Lew Fields' "The Rose of Algeria" will continue at the Herald Square, for Gotham has given it a right glad hand and has bestowed upon it unequivocal approval. It has already been decided to extend the engagement more than double the time first assigned to it. Not only has the Herbert-MacDonough musical piece proved itself worthy of metropolitan favor, but Mr. Fields' company is a living example of an organization that takes advantage of each and every opportunity, largely as a result of Ned Wayburn's stage craft as a producer. Lillian Herlein, the new prima donna, may already be said to have established herself as a Broadway favorite.

Twenty minutes from the dinner table to the altar and then to the stage was the novel record set at Wilmington, Del., by Charles De Haven

and Irene Shannon, of the "Song Shop" company, playing at the Garrick Theatre. It was all decided by the toss of a coin, at that. The company was dining. Some one brought up the subject of matrimony. Miss Shannon said: "I've had a husband in prospect for a long while; I think I'll claim him now." De Haven jumped up and said "All right." The manager was consulted, because there wasn't much time. "I'll toss for it," he said, "and if you young folks win, go get married." They won, and there was a race for a jeweler's for a ring, a magistrate's for a license and the Rev. Dr. Wolf's home for the ceremony. The young people will live in New York.

Henry W. Savage decided to "feature" Charles J. Ross and Lina Abarbanell in "The Love Cure," beginning Monday, when Mme. Abarbanell made her first appearance in the role of Nellie Vaughn.

WHO'S WHO IN SPORT

IT IS questionable if a more degrading exhibition of petty meanness has ever been uncovered than that of the officials of the New York National League Baseball Club anent the testimonial to Sam Crane, the veteran baseball reporter, who is said to be seriously ill and in need of a long stay in a climate different from that of New York. In the twenty-odd years that Crane has been reporting baseball in New York he has never written anything that could be construed as unfair. He has been especially fair, even lenient, to the Giants and the officials of the New York Club. A dozen years ago he justly criticized the lax management of the team that resulted in a second-division team every year, and he and his wife were humiliated by being ejected from the grandstand. In spite of that humiliation, Crane continued to write fairly of the Giants and the club officials.

Therefore, in his hour of need the request was made of the officials that the Giants be permitted to play a game with some other team for the benefit of the sick man.

"No," was the curt reply. Naturally comes the query, why?

The answer is an easy one. Somebody connected with the New York club gave Doc Creamer $2,500 a year ago to bribe Umpires Klem and Johnson to throw the game that decided the pennant to the Giants. The umpires exposed the dirty scheme, the Chicagos won the deciding game and the pennant, and the officials of organized baseball expressed their indignation by barring Creamer from all ball grounds and carefully smothered any investigation as to the identity of the real scoundrel—the man who gave the money to Creamer.

Some of the more fearless of the baseball writers—Crane included—declared that the scandal should be sifted to the bottom, but as the baseball officials had determined to suppress the matter, the writers were powerless.

When the appeal in behalf of Crane came to the New York Club management, instantly there was a recollection of the bribery case and Crane's articles insisting that there should be a rigid investigation. Instantly came the curt "No."

The Giant management evidently thought that their refusal would settle the fate of Crane, but they reckoned without Frank Farrell, who is a man of different disposition. As soon as Mr. Farrell heard of the situation he placed American League Park, the Yankees and his own money at the disposal of the committee of Elks who arranged the benefit. Farrell gave $200 for a box. Then came Hugh Jennings and Frank Navin of the Detroits, with an offer to bring the American League champions here for a game with the Yankees, and the result was a rousing benefit, with several thousand dollars for Crane.

But there was a cute little denouement in which the officials of the Giants tried to get into the limelight and take the odium from their selfish action. Realizing that the benefit would be a success, and that they would be held up to public scorn, the Giant officials sidled into American League Park on the day of the event, shook hands with everybody, including Frank Farrell, and made contributions to the fund.

But no one was deceived by this eleventh hour contrition, and the petty act will be added to the long list of meannesses of which the management of that club has been guilty.

It is unfortunate for the players, who were willing to play for Crane, and no one will blame the players.

The management also tried to make it appear that they were good enough to permit Mathewson to pitch a few innings. They are not entitled to credit. Matty and Crane have been warm friends for years and the pitcher would have gone into the game permission or not. What could the management of the club have done even had Matty pitched without their consent? Not a thing. As a whole the club management is in exceedingly Dutch.

Another thing that will not add to the reputation of the Giant management is their refusal to play a series with the Yankees and taking on the Boston Red Sox. There would be decided interest in a series between the Yankees and Giants, and there would have been a large attendance. There certainly would have been more than 4,000 people, which was the official count for the opening game between the Red Sox and the Giants.

Willie Lewis is not in the championship class. He is a good man in his own division, but when it comes to stacking up against the top-notchers of the 158-pound class Willie is not there. Papke beat him all the way in a 6-round bout, and it is painful to reflect what would happen to Willie if he faced Langford or Ketchell in the ring. France and the easy marks is about Willie's speed.

The gentle game of football, that game that is so invigorating to children and invalids, is barely under way and yet there have been notable results. Just glance at this:

"Robert Millington, the football player of the Pottsville, Pa., high school eleven, who was injured in a game at Shamokin with the high school team of that place, died of his injuries. It was found that the boy had been threatened with an attack of appendicitis and a kick in the abdomen aggravated this condition and also resulted in the rupture of an intestine. An operation was performed but peritonitis ensued and he sank steadily from the time of his admission to the hospital."

It was very careless of the youth to die and thus end what might have been a glorious career on the gridiron. But, of course, the young man who kicked Millington in the abdomen was not to blame. How could the kicker be expected to know that Millington had appendicitis? The young man should have put on a placard reading: "Appendicitis here; careful with the hoofs." Then the discreet players on the other side, when compelled to kick Millington, would have booted him in the head or neck, which would not have aggravated the appendicitis. There is no question that Millington's death was purely accidental and, therefore, the grouchy persons who are inclined to find fault with football and charge roughness should hold their tongues.

Football is a splendid game and all the gouging, bone-breaking, nose-smashing, eye-blacking, head-crushing are all due to accident. If the players are careless and will get bitten, kicked, punched and smashed, they have no one to blame but themselves. Let them keep out of the way.

Butterworth, the former Yale halfback, was a very careful player and usually avoided danger. There never was a more astonished man on a football field than Butterworth on the day he came out of a scrimmage on Franklin Field, and opening his shirt saw the deep marks of a full set of teeth on his breast.

"Why, how did that get there?" asked Butterworth, as he rubbed antiseptic into the wounds. "I must have run into one of the boys when he had his mouth open."

In a spirit of pure fun the Quakers were referred to as the "cannibals" for some time thereafter.

But that little incident merely goes to show the delightful uncertainties of the mild game of football and also proves that most of the stories of brutality and roughness are exaggerated, if not made out of whole cloth.

"Johnny Coulon and Patsy Brannigan have been signed up for a six-round bout to be decided at Pittsburg on Oct. 22. The little fellows will weigh in at 114 pounds at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the fight. Coulon will not go to the coast to meet Attell unless the coast champ will make 115 pounds ringside for him."

Glad to see that Little Johnny is coming up on his weights. He first claimed the bantam title at 105 pounds, then run it to 108, 110 and 112. He was the undisputed champion at all those weights, according to his fond papa. Now he is going after the 114-pound championship. But he is still a bit shy on the 116-pound title business. But perhaps little Johnny may grow. Let us hope so.

The chap Abe Attell is certainly going back with reverse English on the "back." Patsy Kline is one of the toughest nuts we have at 122 pounds. Abe made a punching bag of Patsy at Philadelphia. Attell found that, while Kline was strong, he knew little about boxing, and that all the Newark boxer had in his stock was a vicious left-hand swing, which was easy to avoid. Attell jabbed and cut Kline at will, having his nose and mouth bleeding and face in bad shape generally. From the third round to the last Kline was bleeding, despite the hard work of his seconds to stop the flow of blood.

After the bout it was found that Patsy's nose had been broken. In the fifth round Attell, finding that Kline was so game and that he could not knock him out inside of the limit of six rounds, but hating to punish him any further, asked the referee to stop the bout.

It is evident Abe doesn't want another match with Kline, or he would have been less rough with him.

Oh, by the way, the Johnson person and the Ketchell person will mingle at Frisco next Saturday afternoon, and there will be a distinguished audience. It looks to me as if the Johnson person would breeze in. He is too big, clever and strong for the little chap. Johnson may not knock him out in the twenty-round limit, but if Ketch stays the coon will certainly get the decision on points.

Young Corbett appears to be done. He was whipped by Dave Deshler in five rounds at Boston. Deshler simply played with his pudgy foe. He walked around him peppering lefts to his face, blinding the rolly-polly boy and making him an easy mark to hit.

Corbett put up a good fight, showing spasms of his former aggressiveness, but he was completely outclassed by the younger fighter, who went at his work as if at punching-bag practice.

After a shower of lefts and rights to the head Corbett dropped to his knees in the fifth round, blowing like a young porpoise. When he got to his feet again his seconds jumped into the ring and refused to allow him to continue, and the fans yelled to stop the bout as they knew there was no chance for him, for Deshler would have scored a knockout with another good wallop.

It is about time for Corbett to retire.

Pittsburg started with a rush, but Detroit also did some rushing.

That 100,000 fans at the opening game in Pittsburg dwindled under the National Commission count to 29,264. What did I tell you?

CHARLES F. MATHISON.

ADELE KESSNER, SIDNEY MITCHELL AND MAYBELLE DEAN,

Three of the prettiest girls in "McIntyre & Heath in Hayti" at the Circle Theatre. Which girl do you think is the taller of this trio? When making your guess you must not overlook the fact that Maybelle is bent slightly forward, while Adele is nearly convulsed with laughter. She has just thought of McIntyre's recital of the adventure of that resurrected tomato which had left its mark on his waistcoat.

RAY BAILEY

Putting a little Spunyard flavor into her dancing in her act. She will be seen by the visitors to the vaudeville houses which sail under the colors of William Morris (Inc.) She is at the American Music Hall this week.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

She (haughtily)—You had no business to kiss me.

He—But it wasn't business; it was pleasure.—*Detroit News-Tribune.*

SIGNOR VICTOR SANCHEZ RICHARD,

An Algerian tenor, who has delighted European audiences in the Spanish cities of Madrid, Barcelona, Valencia and throughout France, singing in concerts at Paris, Marseilles, Bordeaux and Lyons, has been brought to this country by Senor Maurice Elbas, the young Brazilian impresario. Richard has been engaged to impersonate Caruso in a vaudeville sketch, entitled "Easy Money," which is expected to make its premiere in New York in a few weeks. We shall then see if Richard has anything on Caruso—and if Oscar will be jealous for having failed to discover this foreign songbird during his canary scouting trip abroad.

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FORBES-ROBERTSON,

The noted English actor, who, with his company, is presenting "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" at Maxine Elliott's Theatre. The play enjoyed a run of 300 performances at the St. James and Terry Theatres in London, and its reception by those who saw it here last week was most gratifying to Mr. Forbes-Robertson.

SENORA DRINA DE WOLFE

Shook the dust of Broadway from her feet several years ago and as a living example of "You Never Can Tell," the former leading woman of that play is now right at home in Seville. The highest circles of society in Spain are outbidding each other for her presence at their affairs so the former actress says she is there to stay. According to reports which have come across, Drina will be married to one of the many Spaniards paying court to her. Not more than one, however

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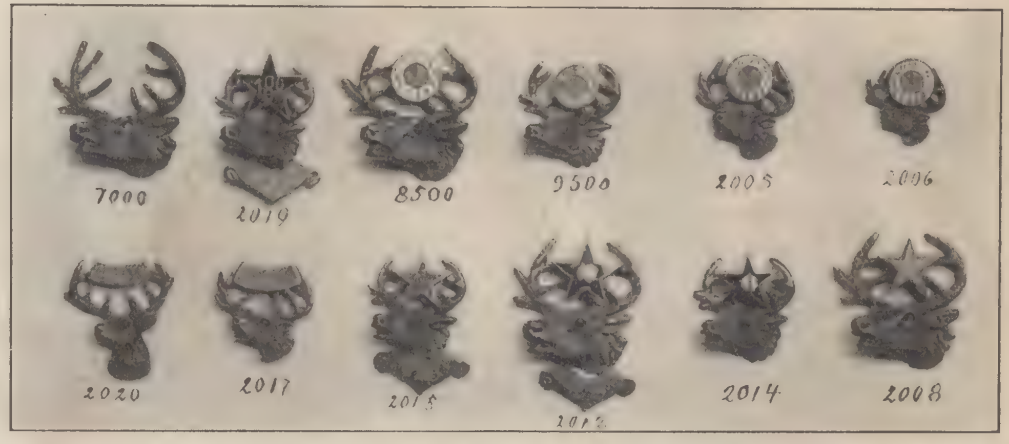

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THE DAY OF THE DUEL

Was torn off the calendar many years ago but still it is not forgotten, thanks to the Sunday magazine sections and to some of the playwrights. Therefore, it was only natural when these two musical comedy girls had a dispute to settle, and neither wished to injure herself nor to be injured by her adversary, they should decide to cross canes and fence 'till one or t'other was exhausted. The leading and parrying was very warm for awhile and the fencer on the left almost settled the matter when one of her furious thrusts missed knocking a petal off the other's flower by less than an inch. Victory came to the fencer on the right, however, when she managed to scrape some of the polish off her opponent's finger nail.

MUST WORK BOTH WAYS.

He—I could waltz on to Heaven with you!
She—Can you reverse?—*Yale Record.*

ANNA LAUGHLIN

Will try to repeat Bessie Wynne's hit when she opens at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on October 25.

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"The Deolittle Twins," or **"The Parson's Visit,"** sketch or finale.

"The Rival Speakers; or, The Judge and the Major."

"Sam Dempsey's Visit," a comic finale for the first part.

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"McWade's Platoon," a burlesque dialect police drill for 8 or more.

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DOWNRIGHT LAZINESS.

George Washington drew a long sigh and said: "Ah wish Ah had a hundred watermillions."

Dixie's eyes lighted. "Hum! Dat would suttenly be fine! An' ef yo' had a hundred watermillions would yo' gib me fifty?"

"No, Ah wouldn't."

"Wouldn't yo' gib me twenty-five?"

"No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' no twenty-five."

Dixie gazed with reproachful eyes at his close-fisted friend. "Seems to me, you's powahful stingy, George Washington," he said, and then continued in a heartbroken voice, "Wouldn't yo' gib me one?"

"No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' one. Look a-head, niggah! Are yo' so good for nuffen lazy dat yo' cahn't wish fo' yo' own watermillions?" —*Young's Magazine.*

MARGARET ANGLIN

Promises in her next production to sidetrack those "weepy plays," but meanwhile she will continue to present "The Awakening of Helena Richie" at the Savoy Theatre until the audiences thin out. Her new play has turned the Savoy Theatre into an enormous lacrimatory but the crowds are so satisfactory from a box office viewpoint and Helena's *troubles are so interesting to the crowds, there is no knowing when Miss Anglin will be called on to keep her promise. But she positively promises that her talents will be devoted to comedy when* Helena *has wrung all of the tears out of New York's (and probably Boston's, Chicago's and Philadelphia's—not to mention all of the other cities in the U. S., which will insist that Miss Anglin give them a chance to cry over* Helena's *troubles before she turns the play over to another actress) playgoers.*

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TOO GREAT A STRAIN.

Theatre Manager—You say you object to having real food on the table in the banquet scene, Mr. Greesepaynt. Why, the rest of the company are delighted with it!

Mr. Greesepaynt—Yes; but my part requires me to rise from the table after a couple of mouthfuls and say "I cannot eat tonight—a strange dread comes over me; I will seek the quiet of yonder apartment for a time."—*Royal Magazine.*

THIS PAIR

Of Russian dancers is due to play before the biggest crowds of their career this week. Their Russian, Siberian and Cossack dancing will go to make a truly international bill this week at the Plaza Music Hall. Harry Lauder will see to the crowds and as the Rappo Sisters have always made good with their vaudeville audiences they are in soft this week.

THE REASON WHY.

Tammas (disappointed over his inadequate tip).—Goo-nicht, Mister McPrerson. Ah shall remember ye when ye come this way again.

Mister McPherson (huskily)—Ah'm no comin' this way again.—*Sketch.*

HER UNCLE DIED

In Philadelphia recently, 'tis said, and then Adolph Eckert's lawyers notified Millie DeLeon that she had inherited something like $50,000. Millie, who was traveling with a show on the Empire Burlesque Circuit, was grieved and at the same time overjoyed at her good fortune. She said she knew that with so many things coming her way during the past year her luck must change pretty soon.

HER SUCCESS

Abroad hasn't hurt her in the least and Dora Dean and her partner, Johnson, continue to work as hard as ever to please their vaudeville audiences. Johnson and Dean are playing the William Morris (Inc.) Independent Vaudeville Circuit.

HARRY LAUDER,

The famous Scotch comedian, opened his third American tour this week at the Plaza Music Hall. He returned to this country last Saturday to play an engagement embracing all of the houses on the William Morris (Inc.) Independent Vaudeville Circuit before returning to London. He has brought over some new songs with him this trip which are said to be up to his usual standard.

HIS CONSCIENCE.

The moral of this story may be that it is better to heed the warnings of the "still small voice" before it is driven to the use of the telephone.

A lawyer, gazing idly out of his window, saw a sight in an office across the street that made him rub his eyes and look again. Yes, there was no doubt about it. The pretty stenographer was sitting upon the gentleman's lap. The lawyer noticed the name that was lettered on the window and then searched in the telephone book. Still keeping his eye upon the scene across the street he called the gentleman up. In a few moments he saw him start violently, and take down the receiver.

"Yes," said the lawyer through the telephone, "I should think you would start."

The victim whisked his arm from its former position and began to stammer something.

"Yes," continued the lawyer severely, "I think you'd better take that arm away. And while you're about it, as long as there seems to be plenty of chairs in the room"——

The victim brushed the lady from his lap, rather roughly, it is to be feared. "Who—who the devil is this, anyhow?" he managed to sputter.

"I," answered the lawyer in deep, impressive tones, "am your conscience!" And then he hung up.—*Everybody's.*

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Gilman, Mabelle.
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Goodwin, Nat.
Grey, Katherine.

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Haines, Robert.
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Hall, Pauline.
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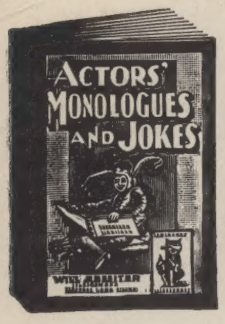

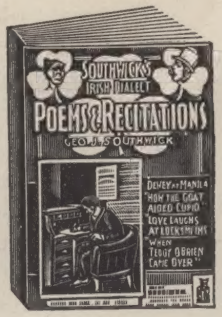

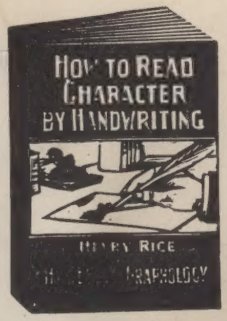

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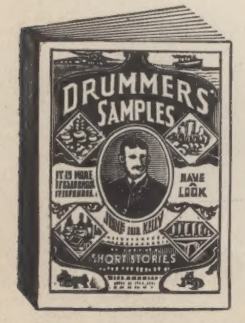

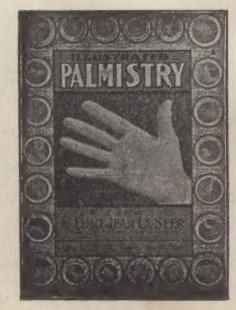

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Is the lively little dancer and singer who is playing the part of Wilhelmina Lamm, a Deutscher maid, one of the principal characters in "The Motor Girl." The musical comedy enjoyed a run at the Lyric Theatre and moved out a couple of weeks ago to make room for "The Chocolate Soldier." It is still playing around New York; last week at the Majestic Theatre in Brooklyn.

A WONDERFUL DOCTOR.

A baseball player had two fingers of his right hand pretty badly bunged up in practice, and on his way home from the grounds he dropped into a doctor's office to have them attended to.

"Doctor," he asked anxiously as he was leaving, "when this paw of mine heals will I be able to play the piano?"

"Certainly you will," the doctor assured him.

"Well, then, you're a wonder, Doc. I never could before."—*Everybody's.*

A STEADY JOB.

Caller—Snip & Co. have employed me to collect the bill you owe him.

Owens—You are to be congratulated, sir, on securing a permanent position.—*Boston Transcript.*

VAUDEVILLE

Is her ambish and she may get her wish. May Tunison has had some good experience in musical comedy, usually under the eye of Manager Henry W. Savage, and now that she has a partner and a sketch and the act has been given a try-out there shouldn't be anything more to it.

HIS FIRST ORDER.

A Manchester firm lately received from another Manchester firm this letter:

"Dear Sir—Today we have given your Mr. X. an order, thanks to his colossal impudence. Where did you find him?"

Mr. X. had only just started on the road, and this was an order from a firm that all his predecessors had canvassed in vain. The head of Mr. X.'s firm called him in and questioned him about the charge of "colossal impudence."

"Well," the young traveller explained, "you told me to adapt myself to all manner of circumstances, and behave to possible customers in their own way. In this case the head didn't look up for three minutes after I went in, and then he said: 'Well, what blood-sucking firm do you represent?' I gave him your card and said: 'These bleary-eyed vampires,' and it seemed to tickle him."—*Tit-Bits.*

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This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4388 Luck Building, Detroit Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary sealed envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

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